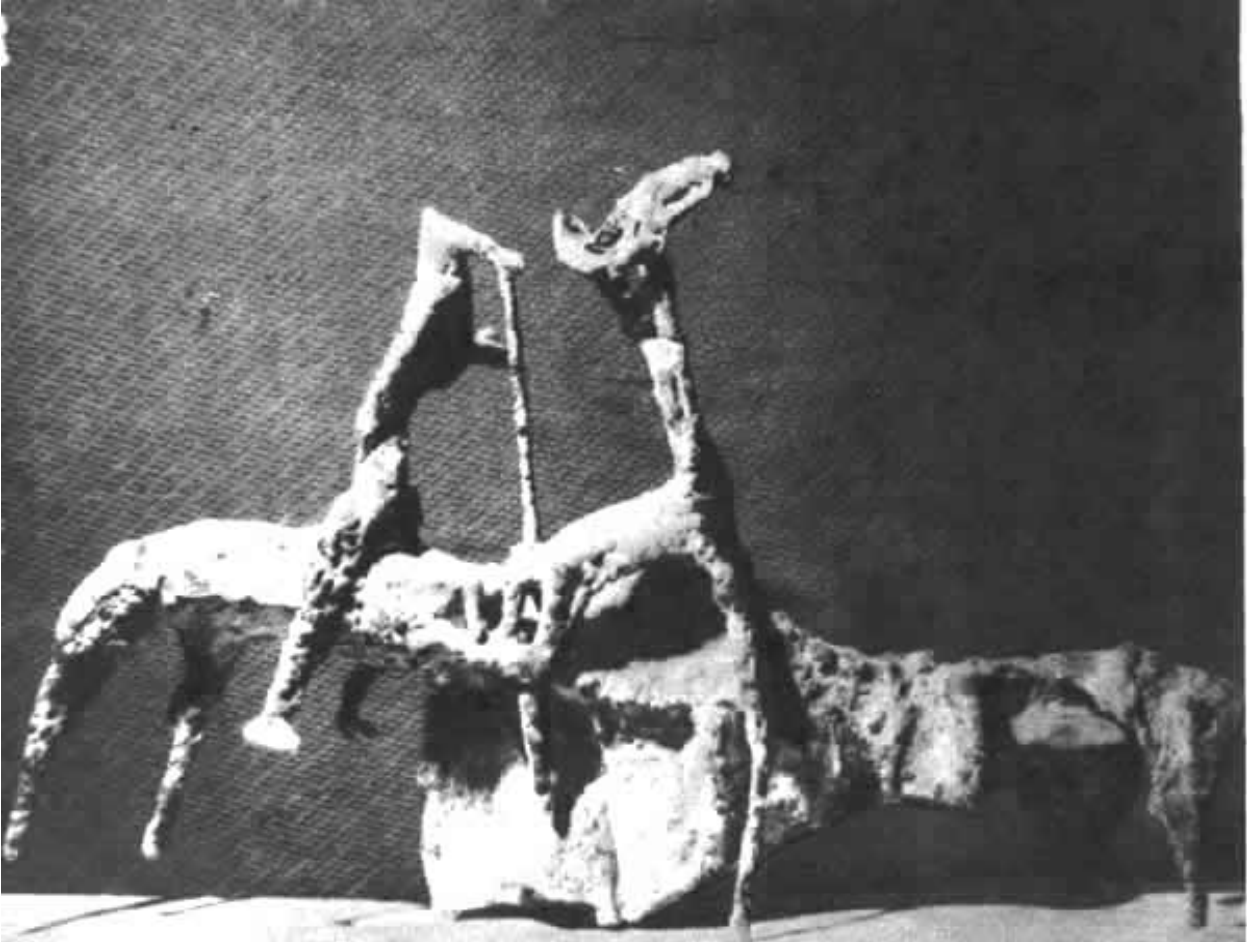


One of a kind

By Almadí



Picador, 1959. Bronze

Forty-four years old. Ramón Lapayese is with us; he wants to exhibit his work here. He has multifaceted, uncountable works and, in particular and as far as Tenerife is concerned, he is the author of a statue –four meters high and carved in wood– that is going to be erected in the school *Colegio de las Dominicas*, in Vistabella, which was built by architect Francisco Coello de Portugal.

But my point is this: Lapayese, in the midst of his youth, is a man who in painting and sculpture has created not just many canvases, not just many marble and bronze pieces, but also a tremendous and overwhelming personality. It seems impossible for him to have been able to do so many things: exhibitions in Madrid, Paris, Copenhagen, New York, Munich, Barcelona, Córdoba, Burgos, Jaén, Mexico, Gothenburg, Bilbao, Hamburg. He has created his own self, he is a whirlwind of preoccupations, of impatient wonderings.

I have only just met him and Ramón Lapayese is already an old friend of mine, thanks to his wonderful human qualities, to the flowing simplicity with which he expresses himself, to the way in which he tells of his struggles, his tantrums, his impulses towards triumph in a vocation that is not pure poetry, although it is certainly full of it: it is desire, security, self-criticism, assessment of any moment of his creative work.



Family, 1970. Oil on canvas over board

The paintings of Lapayese are the paintings of a sculptor, in the same way that his sculptures are the sculptures of a drawer

But I do not know, considering all that I have seen, how he has been able to do so much. I am amazed by the fact that he can show me albums full of news and photographs of all that he has done. Ramón Lapayese is one of a kind and I am sure, purely from my own intuition, that if we are lucky enough to organize an exhibition of his works in our city, all of us would be taken by surprise by this extremely pleasing revelation.

The paintings of Lapayese are the paintings of a sculptor, in the same way that his sculptures are the sculptures of a drawer. This is something that is patently obvious, but it is good to air, once in a while, the origin of things. In his house —says Luis López de Anglada— "an inhabitant of a plural and fantastic world, there is a painter named Ramón Lapayese, who belongs to the race of artists..."

I have met a simple, passionate man who is sure of himself and, above all, is humble before the overwhelming fact of his work; someone who is willing to continue doing more, offering more. His words bubble over with activity, as does his diligence. In order to create it is necessary to forget what has already been done, even if it is a lot. Lapayese, in this incidental conversation, speaks about what he has yet to do.

*Almadí, El Día Newspaper.
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Translation: Lisa Twomey*

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<http://www.ramonlapayese.com>

Tf: +(34) 917 661 694

Email: marchant@ramonlapayese.com

(Please note that these pictures' colors may lack accuracy from their originals)